

READ THE FIRST CHAPTER

Loving Two Men: A Story of Forbidden Love and Silence

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One secret. Fifty years of silence. A story of love, memory, and forbidden feelings that never truly disappeared.

Before discovering the full novel, here is the opening chapter of Loving Two Men. A quiet evening, a granddaughter's question, and the beginning of a story that was buried for decades.

CHAPTER 1 — Evening Confidences

Act I — 2025 / Where Secrets Begin

Evening settles over the house like a warm blanket. In the living room, the lamp with its beige shade barely lights the corner of the sofa. Shadows stretch along the walls, peaceful, as if they, too, were listening. A soft, familiar scent of verbena lingers in the air.

Célia has settled beside me, her knees tucked beneath a woolen throw. She has that luminous face of someone in their twenties, curious and whole. When I look at her, I recognize something of my daughter, but also a brightness I never had. That quiet confidence born of a freer time.

She studies me for a moment, then her smile widens.

“Grandma, tell me another story from before. A real one. One of those you’ve never told.”

I smile. She believes stories lie dormant, ready to emerge the moment they are called. But some sleep in places where memory no longer dares to go. And I, Dyana, now called “Grandma,” carry within me more stories than she can imagine... stories of youth, of choices, of secrets, of roads taken without knowing they would change us forever.

“A story from before?”

“Yes. Not the ones I know. Another one. A special story.”

I remain silent. The spoon turns slowly in my cup, and the tea grows still. Outside, the rain begins to fall, steady, almost shy. It brushes against the windows as if asking permission to come in.

“You want a special story, my darling?”

She nods, her eyes shining. I take a deep breath. The air smells of lavender and warmed wood.

“Then listen carefully. What I’m about to tell you, I’ve never told anyone.”

Célia straightens, attentive, her fingers wrapped tightly around her steaming mug.

“I promise, I won’t say anything.”

I laugh softly.

“It isn’t a shameful secret, you know... it’s simply a memory you keep because it belongs to you.”

She looks at me with that slightly solemn tenderness young people have when they sense they are about to hear something true.

“All right, Grandma. I’m listening.”

I close my eyes. The images return without warning: the white light of a corridor, footsteps echoing, a deep voice speaking my name.

My heart tightens, as if memory still had blood in it. And for the first time in more than fifty years, I am ready to tell my granddaughter the story of my life.

Célia does not move. She barely breathes, as if the slightest breath might break something.

“Grandma... are you afraid?”

I open my eyes again. The lamp casts a soft, trembling glow on her cheek. She looks at me with a new gravity, a seriousness that does not quite belong to her.

“No, my darling. I’m not afraid anymore.”

I pause.

“What makes me tremble is not what I did. It’s what I felt.”

She swallows, clutching her mug between her hands.

“So... you’re going to tell me everything?”

I nod slowly.

“But you must understand one thing first.”

She leans a little closer to me, like a child drawn toward a fire.

I look at my fingers resting on the armrest. They appear calm. They are not. Inside, another Dyana is waking. A younger Dyana. A Dyana who still believed love followed simple rules.

In my life, there have been men. And there have been silences. Silences make more noise than we think.

Célia frowns slightly.

“Why did you never talk about it?”

I smile without joy.

“Because in my time, we didn’t call it a story. We called it a danger.”

Outside, the rain resumes, light and steady. Like a clock.

Célia murmurs,

“Was it forbidden?”

I don’t answer right away. I fix my gaze on a spot on the wall, a slightly crooked frame, as if I could hang what I am about to say there.

“Yes, it was forbidden. Not by law. By people’s eyes. By honor. By the fear of breaking a family before even having built one.”

Célia gently shakes her head, incredulous.

“But you, Grandma... you hadn’t done anything.”

I look at her.

“You don’t have to act for something to be serious. Sometimes, feeling is enough.”

She remains frozen.

“And that’s when it all began?”

I set my cup down. The sound of porcelain against the table rings louder than it should.

“No.”

I take a deep breath.

“Everything began the day a woman turned over some cards and spoke a sentence that followed me for years.”

Célia whispers,

“A fortune-teller?”

I close my eyes for a second.

“She told me, ‘You will love a man from elsewhere.’ She spoke to me of justice. Of an educated man. Of a man who would not belong to my world.”

Célia shivers.

“And you met him?”

I open my eyes again.

“I met him.”

A silence falls between us, heavy and exact.

Célia exhales.

“What was his name?”

I feel my heart beating as if I were twenty again. As if I were once more that watched-over girl, confined by her principles, who was not allowed to dream too loudly.

I take a breath.

“His name was John.”

The name lingers in the air. It tastes like a first vertigo. Like a door opening. Like a world tilting.

Célia repeats it softly,

“John...”

I nod.

“And I’m warning you, my darling. What I’m about to tell you is not a story that ends well or badly. It’s a story that leaves a mark. A story that leaves a trace.”

She looks straight into my eyes.

“Tell me.”

So I let the present dissolve. I return to the sound of a typewriter. The smell of ink. The desk that was too clean. My boss’s voice. And that evening when I put on a red dress with trembling hands, not knowing that I had just dressed myself for destiny.

The events that follow are inspired by real experiences, and the emotions described are genuine. However, names, certain locations, and specific details have been deliberately altered in order to protect the privacy of those involved. The story has been fictionalized, not to betray the truth, but to preserve its emotional depth and narrative coherence.

This book is not a raw testimony, but a narrative inspired by reality, shaped by memory, silence, and lived emotion.

This first chapter is only the beginning. The rest of the novel unfolds through love, silence, duty, memory, and the impossible weight of what remains unspoken.